THE PORT FOLIO
ENLARGED.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

..... "VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."
COWPER.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER,
No. XXXI.

Logos ridiculos vendo. PLUATUS.

A couple of wags, at Cambridge University, having, as it seems, escaped from what JUNIUS has called "the learned dulness of declamation, in the following airy frolic of genius, exhibit a sort of shop-bill of their wares. The idea is not novel, but I think my facetious correspondents have followed it up, always with levity, and sometimes with wit.

TRISTRAM DACTYL & IGNATIUS COMMA,

FORMERLY JOURNEYMEN IN THE SHOP OF VERBAL AND TROCHEE,

GIVE NOTICE

That they have commenced business, under the firm of Dactyl & Comma, and have opened a warehouse of wit, at No. 2, Poet's Corner, Cambridge, where, beside the usual assortment of Epigrams, Anagrams, and other Grams, they have for sale Puns and Witticisms, with, or without points; Odes of all measures from one to fifty-nine syllables. One ditto double twisted, strong enough to lift up the voice on the fourth of July. One to Jefferson and Liberty, a little faded and will be sold a great pennyworth. One to a Swine, in the manner of Robert Southey. One to a Sheep, sacrilegiously slaughtered by the arm of Aristocracy, written in the most approved bleating style by Charles Lamb, Esq. One to a dead Negro, choaked in a rice swamp, by one of the President's house-maids; and one to a Cuckoo, composed on the fourth of March.

They likewise import, or make tools, for shaping all kinds of prose and verse into any form. Hammers to beat out an idea, and rasps to file away the asperities of any composition.

Also, a pair of Poetical Jackboots, with spurs complete, which will suit any calf whatever. N. B. The tops of the aforesaid boots are slightly defaced, by pressing the sides of an unruly Pegasus. A Della Cruscan Mantle made by Anna Matilda entirely of cast off epithets, lined with "the moon's translucent rays" and the pockets well stuffed with "withering anguish" and "treasured tears." A Patent Play-mill, carried by *Steam*: it boults tragedy, comedy, or farce, from one to eleven acts; prologues and epilogues ground gratis. A two foot Rule to measure poetry, with notches for Hexameter, Alexandrine, or any other metre.

Moulds for Tales and Ballads, after the manner of M. G. Lewis, and high Poetical Thrones for "Vegetable Kings," "Quadruped Kings," "Bird Kings," and Insect Kings, not forgetting "the Oyster King"....Ghosts, goblins, apparitions, spirits, robbers, banditti, assassins and other amusing personages may be had at the shortest warning. Speaking trumpets to wake spirits from "the vasty deep." Ready made caverns and dungeons, replete with horror.

Hooks and eyes for coupling marvellous marriages arising from a *concatenation* of curious names. Example, married at Stillwater, Mr. Bass to Miss Bait, a witty correspondent observes, &c. A portable loom for weaving paragraphs, addresses to readers and correspondents, &c. recommended to all editors of newspapers.

Whetstones for sharping the edge of dull jests. Razors for satyrists. Lancets for lampooners, and *sheet* lead for the Aurora.

Poetical spirit from first to sixth proof.

Wooden steel-traps to catch Irish bulls. Crutches for lame poets, journeying to Parnassus. Toasts for infuriated man, recovering his long lost liberty; and harangues for militia officers gratis. Sattin speeches of the most transparent texture, and letters of compliment and condolence for the use of the post-master general.

N. B. At the above warehouse Mr. Gallatin may be always supplied with the purest English and arithmetical calculations of any length or complexity. Swords and spears for the secretary at war.

N. B. Both a little rusty and blunted.

Town meeting speeches, either loud or murmuring. Long winded *farmers* for the service of the attorney general. Everlasting essays for the National Intelligencer. A *felt* hat to cover the baldness of the New-York "Citizen," and hemp for the *lengthy* rope-walk of "old South." All federalists, and all republicans, all Genevans and all Algerines are cordially invited to the above warehouse. Men of any "sect" may be sure of the most marked attention from their humble servants,

DACTYL & COMMA.

N. B. They constantly supply orations, with "feelings, manners, and principles;" they draft descriptions of duels in the most vivid style, with or without red ink. They compose challenges in a style of the most polished politeness, and they have a curious shew glass to set off seconds to the best advantage.

To pursue their own allusion, I fear my volatile correspondents will not keep open shop till they have realized a competency. Dr. Radcliffe once said to a merry mason, "here is money, you dog, you are a *wit*, therefore you must be poor." However, I hope they may not prove bankrupt, and, whenever I am in want of their wares, I shall certainly *saunter* into such a shop.

INTERESTING TRAVELS
IN AMERICA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF BULOW.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER XXXII.

Drunkenness very common at the southward....Yellow fever....Diet of the Americans....Want of hospitality of the Philadelphians...Tea-parties....Public dinners. Luxury in the article of furniture. Luxury among the women...Want of moral sensibility. Buildings. Horse races.

We are at this day sufficiently informed of what we ought to do, and what to omit; but in order to induce us to act conformably to this knowledge, a rational religion seems to be a necessary requisite. Practical morality is therefore in America, as we have now seen, perfectly upon a level with the state of religion; and what I have further to say, concerning the manners of that country, will be altogether correspondent with it. In the southern states, especially Georgia and South-Carolina, a fine gentleman, so called, is regularly, every evening so drunk, as to be unable to walk, and lays therefore in the streets. In the streets of Savanah, you stumble at every step, over the body of a beastly drunken gentleman of liberal education, upon which you hear people say "never mind; the gentleman is a little in liquor." The women are deserted by their husbands, who all run after the negro wenches. Gaming is very much in practice in all the southern states. But on the other hand there is much more hospitality towards foreigners than in Pennsylvania. Among the country people in all the southern states, provisions are very scanty and bad, so that a traveller finds but wretched entertainment. There is no bread, but in its stead a sort of cake is made of Indian meal, which is not very nourishing. In the sea-ports there are many licentious houses, full of victims from New-England, especially from Rhode-Island, because in those northern regions the girls have a fresher colour. Whereas every countenance at the southward is deformed by a sickly, yellow paleness of complexion. The Yellow Fever prevails much oftener at the southward than in Philadelphia. The conduct of the inhabitants of Philadelphia, during the Yellow Fever, such as children forsaking their parents, &c. I have not quoted as characteristic, because the same thing, upon similar occasions has been done, and would again be done in Europe. A French physician in Philadelphia, who has written upon the subject ascribes this horrible distemper partly to the bad water of the city, which, as he asserts, filtrates through the church yards. It is remarkable that this distemper appeared at the same time with the increased depravity of manners. Without having recourse to an immediate judgment of God, this circumstance may easily be accounted for. We can readily conceive that envy, hatred, and the whole tribe of evil passions, must impart an unusual acrimony to the bile, and this disorder is a putrid bilious fever. It is not properly infectious, and can be caught by infection only when the seeds of the distemper, are beforehand lurking in the body. The diet of the Americans likewise contributes much towards it, for under a climate which in summer and autumn, grows every year hotter, they eat more flesh than the English. They are true cannibals. The French, who eat more vegetables, and drink less spiritous liquors, were in a great measure exempt from this dreadful disease. Devouring immense quantities of flesh, the Americans call living rich. Their drink is for the most part brandy and water, and Madeira-wine, so called, which is, however, made in their own country, or at least strongly adulterated with brandy. French wines are not strong enough for them. Their way of living is adapted to a cold climate, and that of their country has been very much changed by cultivation. The Philadelphians have no great reputation for

hospitality. An Englishman who had arrived there with many letters of recommendation, burnt them all, because they procured him every where no other benefit than a glass of brandy and water. In Boston and New-York they are more civil to strangers.

The tea-parties were invented by avarice, in order to see company cheap. They give on the other hand occasion for the display of some silver furniture, which flatters the owner's vanity. The behaviour of the company at these parties is very stiff. A deadly weariness hangs upon all present. They yawn, they drink warm water, they eat, for the most part, bread smeared with butter. The rule is to drink only two cups. After tea they drink a glass of Madeira-wine. All this is carried round by servants, mostly negro boys, who commonly make their appearance bare-footed. At a sociable tea-party you sit round a table, and have various articles handed you, to eat, such as cold meat, fish, &c. If these tea-parties were not so stiff, they would be a very good invention to see company at home without much expense. There are not many clubs extant, and none at all for political purposes. But on the other hand, there are many public dinners set on foot, at which every person present, pays four or five dollars for the eatables alone. The drink amounts much higher. They drink toasts, as in England, and give sentiments. This is an excellent custom. For twelve persons upon such occasions you may always reckon sixty bottles of Madeira-wine; judge in what a condition the people return home. In general the Americans make it a point of honour, to spend a great deal at taverns: hence tavern-keeping would be a very profitable business, if there were not so much toping upon credit, and the payment did not so often fail. A bad custom for moderate persons at the taverns is, that all the liquor drank is paid in equal proportion by every guest, whether he drink or not. The greatest expense is for furniture, which must all be made of mahogany. Travellers have been astonished to find handsome carpets, and mahogany tables and desks, &c. in log-houses, or rather huts. Among the German peasants you meet no such incongruities, and they are almost the only people of that class who possess any property. The free trade of English goods, and the facility of purchasing upon credit, are the causes of this corrupt luxury, which keeps the farmer dependent upon the country shop-keeper, him upon the merchant in the sea-ports, and him upon the merchant of London, Bristol, &c. and consequently forms a chain of dependence from the American woods to the counting houses of London, which must in substance if not in form subject the American people soon or late, or rather has already subjected them again to the English. Nothing but a radical revolution can put an end to this evil. That the female sex, to the great satisfaction of the English, is addicted to luxury in dress, is understood of course. In a colonial state, such an impudent female luxury as prevails in the sea-ports of North-America, must draw after it the most pernicious consequences. Luxury in North-America always turns upon objects of vanity; never to the productions of the fine arts. The Americans in respect to their sense of the beautiful, may be compared to the mathematician, who after reading a fine tragedy, I believe of Corneille, exclaimed, "What does that prove?" only with this difference, that they enquire, not as mathematicians, what it proves; but as shop-keepers and tradesmen, what is it good for? can it be eaten or drank? A glass of grog or of cold punch, is worth more to them than the most beautiful picture or statue. They are fond of going to the Theatre, but it is to see, and to eat. Between the acts they go, in Philadelphia, to a neighbouring tavern, to take regular meals, and even during the representation, to be fashionable, it is necessary to eat something. The Theatre at Philadelphia is a very handsome building, well lighted, and the company consists of the better sort of English performers. For there are among them no Americans. They entertain indeed an extreme contempt for the profession of an actor. In music, they hold Scotch jigs, reels, and hornpipes to be the ne plus ultra of perfection. An Italian came to Philadelphia with some copies in plaister of Paris, of some excellent statues; but he could sell none of them, and went away again. A handsome statue, of Dr. Franklin, in white marble, made in Italy, by order of Mr. Bingham, a rich inhabitant of Philadelphia, and member of the senate of the United States, stands in a niche, before the entrance into the library at Philadelphia. The Americans say they are yet too young a people for the fine arts; but they are old enough it seems, for mere sensual luxury. The fine arts, by ennobling and exalting the soul, would counteract their coarse sensuality, and their mean, usurious spirit, and at least in the absence of simplicity would serve as a palliative. The American architecture falls into the gothic style, when they are left to their own ideas. I have seen for instance upon many new houses at Philadelphia, round turrets, like the towers upon the old robber castles in Europe. Among the new houses at Philadelphia, the most fantastic caricature shapes are found. There are, however, in that city, many neat houses, and country seats in a very good taste, in its neighboureood; but all closely copied after the English taste. The presbyterian church at Philadelphia, in Market street, has a very handsome portal of six Corinthian pillars. St. Paul's church at New-York has likewise a handsome portal of porphyry pillars. The steeple of the episcopal church in Philadelphia is in a very good taste. It bears the greatest resemblance to the dome of the parochial church at Berlin. In the country the American fashion of building has something characteristic; they place a row of wooden posts, covered with a roof before the house where they can sit sheltered from rain or sunshine. This is very pleasant. There is no where any want of materials for building. They have stone every where; and even some quarries of marble; in the cities, however, they almost always use bricks for building. Horse races are a favourite popular amusement. They are held every year in April and in October at Germantown, six English miles distant from Philadelphia.

POLITICS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

In our last observations upon the "View of the political conduct of Mr. Burr," we attempted to prove that the excuse offered by the writer, for himself and his party, to escape the odious imputation of having imposed upon the union a vice president whom they knew to be a vicious and depraved political character, was lame and groundless. In following the author through his biographical sketch of Mr. Burr's career previous to his election for his present station, we find our opinion fully confirmed by his own statements. He tells us that selfishness and cupidity were *always known* to be the primary regulators of all Mr. Burr's movements. That he began his course as a public man in the year 1789; with the federal party. That he soon quitted them, instigated by his envy of general Hamilton's superior influence, and by the prevalence of the antifederalists in the state politics. And that these *have always been considered*, as his motives. That in 1791, he was elected a federal senator, merely because *it was known*, his personal enmity to Hamilton would make him oppose his measures of finance. That *it was generally believed* Washington would never confer an office upon him; because he knew his character. That in 1795, when he wished to be held up for the office of governor, he obtained only six out of forty votes at a meeting of influential members of the party; and these six *were supposed* to be victims of his intrigue. That in 1797, *he was suspected* of having tampered with some of the federal party in the state legislature, to get support as a candidate for the vice presidency. That in 1798, as a member of the same state legislature, his conduct "*furnished abundant reason* to "suspect the purity of his views, and the sincerity of his political professions." That in 1799 he continued to furnish great and repeated causes of distrust and suspicion. That selfishness really was, and was generally known to be the sole impulse under which he acted upon every public question. And that in the year 1800, his exertions to secure the preponderance of his party, at the state elections, were well understood to be dictated solely by the expectation that they would support him in his views to the office of vice president.

We do not mean to adopt the opinions of an inveterate and invidious enemy of Mr. Burr, respecting the motives by which he has been influenced in his political progress. We are aware that the facts previous to the last election alleged by this writer, may, in almost every instance be ascribed to pure and honourable, as well as to base and disgraceful purposes. In a free country, where parties run high, moderation is one of the first virtues of a statesman, though by the raging spirit of party, it will often be mistaken for indecision and versatility. We hope Mr. Burr's motives were good; but we know that his character has generally been considered by the federalists as unsafe and dubious to say the least, and he never has had their voluntary support. The inference which we think unavoidable from the pamphlet under consideration, is, that the opposite party have always viewed him in the same light, but that no depravity of character, could be any objection against a candidate, to them so long as it suited their views to promote him.

In May 1800, it seems, Mr. Burr repaired to Philadelphia, and at a meeting of certain members of congress, was fixed upon as a candidate for the place of *vice president*, in which office, "after some affected squeamishness, he censented to serve."

From this moment, until the final issue of the presidential election, the pamphlet unfolds a scene of intrigue, of artifice and of duplicity on the part of Mr. Burr, first to obtain an equal number of votes with Mr. Jefferson, and afterwards to carry the election as president against him, which we recommend to the most serious attention of our fellow-citizens. We are far from giving credit to the whole story. We have the strongest reason for believing that the insinuations respecting Dr. Smith of New-Jersey and Mr. Reeve of Connecticut are totally destitute of foundation, and we presume much of the remainder is equally groundless; yet after every allowance for possible mistakes and probable misrepresentations on the part of the author, when we reckon up the *journeyings* undertaken, the *expresses* and *agents* employed, the expenses incurred, and the artifices used by Mr. Burr "in the fond chace of still escaping power," it is impossible to avoid a sentiment of compassion for the state in which his mind must have been, mingled with a sigh for the condition of our country, at this discovery of the manner how our important elections are already managed.

The persons implicated in these transactions, either as the instruments, or as the dupes of Mr. Burr are stated to be

1. *Mr. Timothy Greene* an attorney of New-York, sent as Mr. Burr's agent to canvass votes for him in South-Carolina. This mission was successful. The electors in South-Carolina, before they were chosen, were all *pledged* to vote for *Jefferson* and *Burr*.

2. *Mr. John Swartwout*, now marshal of New-York District. He was the medium of communication between Mr. Greene and Mr. Burr.

3. *Mr. Abraham Bishop* sent to Lancaster, to canvass the votes of Pennsylvania, for Mr. Burr. The pamphlet says he was the dupe of Mr. Burr's intrigue without perceiving it.

4. *Mr. Pierpont Edwards*, the uncle of Mr. Burr.

5. 6. 7. 8. *William P. Van Ness, Matthew L. Davis, Thomas Smith*, the clerk in chancery, and a young man by the name of *Monfort*...All of New-York.

9. *Mr. Alston*, the son-in-law of Mr. Burr. He is charged with having published in the South-Carolina papers, under the signature of a "Rice Planter," an extravagant eulogy on Mr. Burr, containing "misrepresentations to deceive persons at "a distance, which must appear as the offspring "of the most inordinate vanity, or the most unprincipled ambition."

And several other persons whose names are reserved.

We have before observed that the pamphlet discovers, or rather betrays something more than coolness towards the Livingston family. Yet we believe the author was disposed to conceal this temper for the present. On the first transient perusal, it is scarcely perceptible, for a sort of formal and affected respect for them is attempted to be maintained. The chancellor is often mentioned; and once spoken of as *a learned* candidate for the office of Governor. But the writer takes care to remind the public that the "*deafness* of chancellor "Livingston rendered him *unfit* to preside over a "deliberative assembly."

We know not how far Mr. Edward Livingston is concerned in the following CAPITAL denunciation, which the author of the View pronounces to be no less authentic than *astonishing*.

"Mr. Burr, while in the city of New-York, "carried on a negociation with the heads of the "federal party at Washington, with a view to his "election as president of the United States. A "person was authorized by them to confer with "him on the subject, who accordingly did so. Mr. "Burr assented to the propositions of the negociator and referred him to his confidential friend "to complete the negociation. *Mr. Burr stated "that after the first vote was taken in the house of "representatives, New-York and Tennessee would "give into* (in, to) *the federalists!!!*"

But we are told, p. 61....That Mr. Burr "had "some *secret* reason for believing that *New-York* "would be one of the states which would yield "to his views after one or two votes in the house "of representatives."..... That as the state of New-York "was represented in the federal house "of representatives by six republicans and four "federalists, by gaining two of the former to his "side the state would have been for him..... That "Mr. Burr's 'play thing, William P. Van Ness,' "wrote a letter to Mr. Edward Livingston at "Washington, then a member of congress for the "city of New-York, stating it as the *sense* of the *republican party*, that after some trials in the house of "representatives, Mr. Jefferson should be *given "up* for Mr. Burr!" And finally "That while "the house was going through the process of "election, Mr. Edward Livingston was suspected "(by Mr. Jefferson's friends) but on what account "was not stated."

We say we do not know how far Mr. Edward Livingston is concerned in the capital denunciation above quoted. But after collecting and comparing these passages from different parts of the pamphlet, we have no doubt, as to what the writer *wishes us to believe*.

As this pamphlet is intended to exhibit only one side of the transactions to which it alludes, and as the author is ever ready to prostrate himself with due servility to the name of Jefferson, we were surprized at the coolness with which he relates the following.

While Matthew L. Davis, had hopes of obtaining the naval office at New-York, "he openly "insinuated that the election of Mr. Jefferson was "the result of a *compromise*, which he stated to be "of the following nature.

"Mr. Linn had alternately voted with the federalists and republicans, General Bailey voted "against the republican party in the house of representatives on the question for making appropriation to carry into effect the British treaty. "This *he* (Davis) believed, was the only time *he* "(Bailey) had abandoned the republicans. It was, "however, enough to shew that he was not always "to be relied on. Mr. Edward Livingston, too, "was suspected; but on what account was not "stated. Apprehensive, said Davis, that the firmness of these men would yield to the stubbornness of the federalists, a proposition was made "to them by a *confidential friend of Mr. Jefferson*, "to this effect; *if you, Mr. Linn, will continue to "vote for Mr. Jefferson, you shall be apppointed supervisor of the District of New-Jersey: if you Mr. "Livingston, will do the same, you shall be District "attorney of New-York; and if you, General Bailey, "will also continue to vote for Mr. Jefferson, you shall "be Naval-Officer of the Custom-House of New-York.*" Accordingly, said the *little disappointed applicant*, "Mr. Livingston has been appointed, and so has "Mr. Linn; and the naval-office, it appears, is "reserved for general Bailey. But why, Mr. "Davis, is not Mr. Bailey appointed? Because "I AM strongly recommended by MR. BURR "for that office, and Mr. Jefferson *is afraid of "offending him!* These remarks came originally "from MR. BURR: Davis was only the open and "licensed retailer of them."

The pamphleteer, in a note on this passage, remarks that Mr. Bayard, in his speech on the abolition of the judiciary law, alluded to the same circumstances: but knows not whether he got these *unfounded notions* from Mr. Burr. He advances not a syllable to disprove the facts.

We call upon every honest and independent citizen, to reflect upon these facts. If the virtue and happiness of the American people depend upon any one thing more than all others, it is upon the purity of their elections. If it be possible for Americans to behold with indifference the secret history of the last presidential election, which is bursting out from the very centre of its corruptions, and blazing forth in every direction, they may boast of their republicanism and their liberty as they will, the curse of Jugurtha's prophecy will soon befal them. "Farewel thou venal city! doomed to destruction, "the instant when thou shalt find a purchaser."

N. B. Since the above was written, we have seen the letter of Dr. Smith of New-Jersey, to the editor of the New-York Evening Post. It fully confirms our statement, that the insinuations in the "View," respecting him are totally without foundation.

MISCELLANY.

FROM LITERARY LEISURE.

"Tir'd Nature's sweet restorer! Balmly sleep!"
YOUNG.

Authors of all ages have agreed in dignifying sleep with the engaging name of the friend of the wretched! Poets have concurred to bestow on it the most delightful epithets! The miserable have implored its succour, and the weary have sought the blessings it confers! The ancients were so convinced of its benignant influence on the human race, that they deified it; and Sanco Panca exclaims...."Blessings on the man that invented sleep! It wraps a man round like a warm blanket!"

After these concurring testimonies of all ages and species in favour of this periodical image of death, bold must be the man who should presume to suspect that fiction has more to do in the business than truth....who should dare to hint that sleep, far from being the universal benefactor of mankind, the grand panacea for all human evils, is in fact deprecated by innumerable personages, and utterly defied by many more than Macbeth or Crononhotonthologos. When a man sedulously employs all his waking hours in the diligent increase of either knowledge or wealth, and finds them insufficient to satisfy his thirst....when a lady passes every moment either in the contemplation of her charms, or in receiving the incense of innumerable lovers....when the mind is perpetually agitated by the interesting freaks of Fortune at the gaming-table...or when any other pursuit of equal magnitude (if such there be!) engrosses the whole of life, I can conceive that sleep may be an unwelcome intruder.

But it is not merely those who are thus importantly occupied, who contemn and defy the inroads of that soft deluder! Many, who, as philosophical observers might imagine, do nothing but sleep, feel it an insult to be suspected of giving way to so opprobrious a weakness. The shifts and subterfuges to which many well-disposed dreamers have recourse to prove themselves awake, at the very moment when their companions have been disturbed by their snoring, resemble the ingenious evasions by which accused culprits endeavour to establish the plea of an alibi. I have seen a man taxed with being asleep, rouse himself indignantly from a dream, which perhaps had placed him on a throne, and assume an air of jocularity, to prove how well he had been attending to the conversation, which had been for some time employed on a very melancholy subject.

Numbers of people, too, assume a consequence to themselves from no other circumstance but that of "enjoying" (as I have heard it expressed) "very bad nights' rest in general;" and though they affect to envy the happy forgetfulness of those who sleep soundly the night through, they well know they would not relinquish the superiority of broken slumbers for all the advantages of undisturbed repose; while the sound sleeper listens with envy to the history of the night's adventures, sighs over every recounted blast of wind or shower of rain which had escaped his notice, and is ready to hang himself if a thunder-storm has taken place while he was locked in the embrace of slumber!

This extreme objection to sleep extends itself in a very great degree, over the whole female world. A lady would as soon be praised for devouring a whole shoulder of mutton, as congratulated on a night passed in sound repose! Nay, the idea is very prevalent indeed among the fair sex; for I remember my mother's maid-servant used to complain that "she had no comfort of her bed," and explained the circumstance by saying that she went to sleep the moment she laid down, and never woke again till it was full time to rise. I was partly led into these reflections by the conversation of a young lady, who called the other morning on my cousin Dulcibella. I was sitting writing at the table, and Bell, who knows I would at any time lose the thread of my ideas for the sake of listening to any traits of character, told her, when she saw her embarrassed, not to mind me, for I was writing, and should not hear her.

The young lady began by complaining heavily of her unhappy situation. Bella was not wanting in assurances of sympathy, nor in requests of fuller confidence; and though it was some time ere the young lady could disclose the cause of her disquiet, yet at length the soothing endeavours of Bella, added to the natural wish, an oppressed heart feels to unburden itself to a friend, induced her to acknowledge, that indeed her misery was very great.

"To be sure, my dearest Bella," said the weeping fair one, "I seem to enjoy all I could wish.... money, admiration, gaiety, some beauty, and more than one faithful lover; yet I am indeed miserable!"

"But why, sweet Maria," said Bella, "tell me why?"

"Oh my dear creature," replied Maria,, "I am so very sound a sleeper, that I am quite distressed! It is that circumstance which prevents my obtaining that languid elegant complexion I dote on; besides, it seems as if I had no feeling! I read the most delightful Novels, and though my mind is full of the distresses of the heroine, I sleep as soundly as if I did not sympathize in them! Nay even when Mr. Dashly behaved so ill to me the other day, though I wept sincerely and bitterly about it, yet I cried myself to sleep like a child! and then my aunt, who knows my infirmity, is always rallying me about it."

"That is cruel," observed Bella.

"It is indeed," replied Maria. "Do you know she tells me I may try as much as I please, but I never shall resemble any of my favourite heroines while I sleep so well. Now, Heaven knows, my mind is well stored with all their virtues, and I am continually exercising myself in real action, by fancying very interesting scenes, and determining how I ought to conduct myself, but my aunt is very right: I cannot, for the life of me, keep my eyes open five minutes after I lay my head on my pillow."

"But how does your aunt know this to be the fact?" asked Dulcibella.

"Oh," replied Maria, "I am unfortunately her bedfellow; and such a number of proofs, has she to bring of my unfortunate drowsiness, that I really blush whenever she opens her lips on the subject. Then it is so provoking to hear her envy me, for the very heaviness she laughs at, when I would give my ears but to be able to catch her napping."

"To be sure," said Dulcibella, "there is something vastly engaging in that delicacy of feeling which keeps the eyes awake to weep, through the whole of a long winter's night, which strews the pillow of down with thorns, and deprives its elegant possessor of the vulgar comforts of oblivion."

"Oh my dear Dulcibella," replied Maria, "how charmingly you express yourself! I dare say you are not oppressed by this nocturnal invader as I am."

"No indeed," answered my cousin, "I rarely sleep above an hour in a night, and that only at intervals; if the least thing presses on my mind, I cannot close my eyes."

"Ah," cried the petulant Maria, "how provoking! This is the way with every body but me, and I am sure it is not for want of feeling, for at this moment I could shed tears by pailfuls; but so invincible is the power of sleep, that though I had my little cousin Fanny to sleep with me, when she had the hooping-cough, I never awoke even with her fits of coughing."

"Drink strong geen tea," said Dulcibella.

"I do, I do, my dear creature," answered Maria, "but it never answers."

"Commit a murder!" exclaimed I, unawares.

This inadvertency, by convincing Maria that I was attending to the conversation, put an end to her lamentation, and the two young ladies quitted the room together, leaving me to reflect on the strange perversion of taste and intellect which could lead authors and moralists in all ages to bestow their commendation on a power so deprecated. Nay, there are many other possessions enumerated as blessings by that mistaken race of men that are equally objected to, by those who are gifted with them. How many men and women furnish themselves with additional eyes, not from any defect in their own visual organs, but because it is vulgar to see too well. Undoubtedly, in fashionable life, it is often convenient not to see very plain; but this is almost a solitary instance, in which convenience is allowed to regulate fashion. Then again, health is a blessing equally opprobrious with sleep; and many more instances might be enumerated, if the minds of my readers were not capable of recalling them in an instant I will not even instance memory, a talent in which all the world are ambitiously defective. Here, indeed, is another sacrifice to convenience; it is so possible to remember just what is agreeable, to have forgotten every thing and every body but what reflects honour on ourselves, and the self-accusation of a treacherous memory affords so many little loopholes to vanity, that it is a subterfuge very pardonable.

THE FARRAGO.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

"There is no talent so useful towards rising in the world, or which puts men more out of the reach of fortune, than that quality, generally possest by the dullest sort of men, and, in common speech, called *Discretion*."

DEAN SWIFT.

A cloudy atmosphere and a fit of the spleen having confederated, and locked up all the powers of my invention and memory, I sallied out of my chamber, and sought for a key to liberate them, that they might furnish a Farrago.

I was proceeding, thrice gentle reader, to tell thee a story of "a king of Bohemia and seven castles," in the Shandean style, which rejects Aristotle's modes, and Dr. Wall's figures, and the figures of Franklin's arithmetic, and, in short, all figures.... but figures rhetorical; when, whom should I meet, in my flowery path, but one of "their worships and reverences," who, austerely bending his brow, cried out, with a true critic's yell, "How now, madcap, whither do you wander? You are metaphor mad.... the devil's in you. You are on the very verge of absurdity. None of your flights, in the name of Locke and Leibnitz, but talk like a man of this world. Why what a curvetting palfrey, more restive than any in romance, is that same imagination, on whose neck you have thrown the reins. Do dismount my frantic friend, and stride some sober beast from our stable; or if, obstinately attached to your hobby, you will ride on, at least procure a martingale, and then your vicious jade will pace all gently, like a blind horse at a funeral, as the curate of Coventry saith."

This *alderman's* advice so damped my volatile spirits, that were hurrying me, as usual, "to Thebes, to Athens" or the Lord knows where, that, after taking two or three pensive turns through the street, I returned to my desk, and, with chastised feelings, immediately wrote the following

ESSAY ON WORLDLY PRUDENCE.

When we meditate the history of man, or nations, we find individuals opulent, and communities powerful, if the cold maxims of rigid prudence are punctiliously observed. On the other hand, when the eccentric, impatient of the boundaries, which this *Vrow* virtue has marked out, presume to wander, at the beckon of passion, or fancy, then poverty, distress, and contempt from the world, form only a small part of the catalogue of inevitable consequences. Dryden, Otway, Savage, Shenstone, Goldsmith, Chatterton, Burns, the younger Lyttleton, and Rousseau, were men of sublimated imagination, children of impulse, contemners of authority. They despised the perfect law of prudence; and, *gentiles of genius*, were *a law unto themselves*. Rejecting the steady light, which the planets of prudence would shed on their way, they chose to follow the meteor of fancy, whose aspect was brilliant, though its guidance was delusive. What baleful consequences have ensued from this ill-stared preference! Did not the want of prudence compel Dryden to huddle together the discordant scenes of rhyming tragedy, to become a scrivener in a bookseller's shop, and to leave his classical versions unfinished, that *obscenity*, exchanged for an *obulus*, might be ready at the period of stipulation? Was not Otway choaked by a biscuit, greedily swallowed to appease importunate hunger, because he chose poetically to paint an *orphan's* distress, rather than by Cheapside industry to relieve his own? Did not titled Tyrconnel turn Savage out of doors, for not retiring to bed at midnight, and, amid the fervours of poetry and wine, for "madly chaunting his joy," at unseasonable hours? Did not ruder beings, than the nymphs and dryads haunt the garden of Shenstone; and were not his bowers blighted, and his days embittered, because he loved rural elegance, a fantastic mistress, rather than the frugal crone, Economy, that domestic animal? Did not imprudence exile Goldsmith to Flanders and to France, to propose tame theses at Leyden, and to fiddle to the peasants of Provence? Did not Chatterton indignantly swallow arsenic, because he would not obsequiously bow to a patron, and because he would turn over the volumes of *the ancient time*, rather than "the tape tied trash" of an attorney? Did not Burns, by a hasty marriage, postpone his interest to his affection, and from excess of social ardour, and the unbridled love of fame hurry from safe obscurity to the perilous metropolis, where the bowl of pleasure debilitated the finer energies, and abridged the life of the improvident bard? Was not the junior lord Lyttleton, the gallant and the gay, shunned by every woman in Worcestershire, as if, to quote his own expression, "he had been *Tarquin* himself, because he was an *imprudent* lover?" Yes, he who was "all charm," who could thunder, with vehement eloquence, against a proud and imposing ministry, and "witch the world," by the brilliancy of effusions, most careless and confidential, has been bespattered from obloquy's foulest kennel; a theme for sobbing Puritans, and for bridling prudes, because he chose for his motto

"Indulge; and to thy genius freely give,
"For not to live at ease, is not to live."

Lastly, to conclude this melancholy description of "the follies of the wise," ROUSSEAU, who, though justly censurable for many faults, must be allowed to possess much of the inspiration of genius; having attempted to teach man in "Emilius," govern him, in the "social compact," and enchant him in "Eloise," has been persecuted for eccentricity of conduct, and paradox of expression. He was banished from his natal canton, his book was burned by a common hangman, and, perhaps, misconstrued, in an archiepiscopal mandate; the sanity of his intellects has been doubted by Burke; a positive preceptor is sure that he was a madman; and the genius of Geneva has been damned at Tunbridge, by the Reverend Vicessimus Knox.

Let us turn aside, O ye careless ones, from such "a stone of stumbling," and a "rock of offence," as indiscretion, and strive to attain the Dutch virtues. No longer dream of the vale of Vaucluse, or rove through the classic groves of Tuscany; expatiate no more over French or Italian lawns, but hasten to the dykes of Holland. Plunge into the Scheldt, or the Maise, and, like the souls of the fabling ancients, recent from the lake of Lethe, ye will rise and leave behind, not only memory, but imagination, passion, genius, and all which to imprudence appertains. Like Hollanders be prudent, and, like Hollanders, you will be rich. Remember the arts, by which, the Dutch merchant, or the American speculator

....."Encrease their store
From six in the hundred, to six hundred more."

Remember that at Japan, where the paganism of the natives demands, as a preliminary to traffic, the abjuration of our religion, that a Dutchman cheerfully tramples on the cross, and renounces christianity for cinnamon and cloves. Remember that, when the Netherlands, impatient of the Spanish

yoke, implored Elizabeth to rescue them from the tyranny of the prince of Parma, the *prudent* mynheers were willing to sell, at an *advanced price*, gunpowder for the use of that very artillery, which was to be employed *against themselves!* remember that your fat-headed, leathern-ear'd, cold-hearted American speculator, the greatest scoundrel in the universe, is one of the most circumspect and cunning of mankind. He has the wary caution of the cat, and prowls as providently, as the Hyena. Remember, therefore, whether you are at Amboyna, or in America, to cut the throat of the dearest friend, if, by such a gallant deed, you can keep your purse strings whole. This is worldly prudence, this the *Vrow* virtue, whom as she trudges along, each wondering worldling bids the poet admire. What, though to your keen eyes, she appears like an old marketwoman, counting the *cents* she has received in exchange of eggs, still this is she, by whose blessing the Hollanders once immured in the bank of Amsterdam half the coins of Europe. If, therefore, like them you would be rich, beware of enthusiasm, renounce indiscretion, burn your "books of curious science," tamper not with poetry, go to Rotterdam or Batavia, "and get ten tun of gold."

A SPECIMEN OF ALLITERATION.

Parkplace, Nov. 20, 1797.

SIR,

Perceiving your desire to know how I passed my time in Pembrokeshire, I here present you with an account of my proceedings, in a progress I lately made to a gentleman's house, purely to procure a plan of it.

I proceeded in a party of pleasure, with Mr. Pratt, of Pickton-castle, Mr. Powel, of Penally, and Mr. Pugh, of Purley, to go and dine with Mr. Pritchard, of Postmain, which was readily agreed to, and soon put in practice. However, I thought it a proper precaution to post away a person privately to Mr. Pritchard's, that he might provide for us, and we proceeded after him. The town, where Mr. Pritchard lives, is a poor, pitiful paltry place, though his house is in the prettiest part of it, and is a prince's palace to the rest. His parlour is of a lofty pitch, and full of pictures of the prime pencils; he hath a pompous portico, or pavillion, prettily paved, leading to the parterre; from hence you have a prodigious prospect, particularly pointing towards Percilly-hill, where he propagates a parcel of Portuguese and Polish poultry. The name of his house is Prawfenden, which puzzled me most plaguily to pronounce properly. He received us very politely, and presented us with a plentiful dinner. At the upper end of the table was a pike, with fried perch and plaise; at the lower end, pickled pork, pease, and parsnips; in the middle a pidgeon pye, with puff paste; on the one side a potato pudding, and on the other side pig's pettytoes. The second course was a dish of pheasants, with poults, and plovers, and a plate of preserved pine and pippins; another with pickled podd pepper; another with prawns; another with pargamon, for a provocative, with a pyramid of pears, peaches, plumbs, pippins, pine-apples, and pistachios. After dinner there was a profusion of port and punch, which proved too powerful for poor Mr. Peter, the parson of the parish; for it pleased his palate, and he poured it down by pints, which made him prate in a pedantic, pragmatical manner. This displeased Mr. Price the Parliament-man, a profound politician; but he persisted, and made a prolix preamble, which proved his principles prejudiced and partial against the present people in power. Mr. Price, who is a potent party-man, called him a popish parson, and said he prayed privately in his heart for popery; and that he was a presumptuous priest for preaching such stuff publicly. The parson puffed his pipe passively for some time, because Mr. Price was his patron; but at length losing all patience, he pluckt off Mr. Price's perriwig, and was preparing to push it with the point of the poker, into the fire; upon which Mr. Price, perceiving a pewter pot in the passage, presented the parson with the contents in his phiz, and gave him a pat on the pate, the percussion of which prostrated him plump on the pavement, and raised a protuberance on his pericranium. This put a period to our proceedings, and patched up a peace; for the parson was in a piteous plight, and had prudence enough to be prevailed upon to cry *peccavia*, with a *parce, precor*, and in a plaintive posture to petition for pardon. Mr. Price who was proud of his performance, pulled him out of the puddle, and protested he was sorry for what had passed in his passion, which was partly owing to the provocation given him from some of his preposterous propositions, which he prayed him never to presume to advance again in his presence. Mr. Pugh, who practises physic, prescribed phlebotomy and a poultice to the parson, but he preferred wetted brown paper to any plaister, and then placed himself in a proper position, that the power of the fire might penetrate his posteriors and dry his purple plush breeches. The pother was succeeded by politics,....as Mr. Pultney, the patriot's patent for the peerage, the kings of Poland, Prussia, Prague, and the Palatine, panders, and partizans, Portsmouth parades, and the presumption of the privateers, who pick up prizes almost in our very ports, and places and pensions, pains and penalties. Next came on plays and poetry, the picture of Mr. Pope perched on a prostitute, the price of the pit, pantomimes, prudes, the small-pox, and the primate of Ireland, and printers, and preferments, pick-pockets, and pointers, and the pranks of that prig the poet laureat's progeny, though his papa is the perfect pattern of paternal piety. To be brief, I prophesy you think I am prolix. We parted at last, but had great difficulty in procuring a passage from Mr. Pritchard, for he had placed a padlock on the stable-door, on purpose to prevent us, and pretended his servant was gone out with the key; but finding us peremptory, the key was produced, and we were permitted to go. We pricked our palfries a good pace, although it was as dark as pitch, which put me in pain, because I was purblind, lest we should ride plump against the posts which are prefixed to keep horse passengers from going the path that is pitched with pebbles.

Mr. Price, who was our pilot, had a very providential escape, for his pad fell a prancing, and would not pass one step farther, which provoked him much, for he piques himself on his horsemanship. I proposed to him to dismount, which he did, and peeping and peering about, found he was on the point of a perpendicular precipice, from which he might probably have fallen, had not his horse plunged in that particular manner. This put us all into a palpitation, and we plodded on the rest of the progression *pian piano*, as the Italians say, or *pazz a pazz* as the French phrase has it. I shall postpone several other particulars till I have the pleasure of passing a day with you at Putney, which shall be as soon as possible.

I am, Sir,
Your most humble servant,
PEREGRINE PIPKIN.

To Mr. PETER PETTIWARD,
at Putney,
(Penny post paid.)

AN AUTHOR'S EVENINGS.

FROM THE SHOP OF MESSRS. COLON AND SPONDEE.

In the prosecution of literary labour, scholars differ widely in their choice of means. Some idly toy with books, and others waste the midnight taper, and their own slender forms in ceaseless disquisition. In our eagerness to enlarge the empire of the mind, care must be taken, not to violate the rights of the body. The following directions may be of use to mitigate the ardour of intemperate study, and to correct the ills of a scholar's life.

Whoever labours under the mania of excessive study will, I think, find effectual cure in reading Tissot on the diseases, incident to literary persons. Tissot, however, appears to me to have exaggerated his descriptions so as to render them truly terrifying, and sufficient to deter most men from the common and moderate employments of a literary life. I mention it only as my opinion, that he has *exaggerated* his descriptions; and I think so, because I have known many persons devoted to letters, who enjoyed remarkably good health, and were instances of singular longevity. They probably had sense enough to take precautions against the effects of great application, and to relieve their labour by air and exercise. But Tissot's book may yet be very useful, as it cannot but deter the rational student from excessive application: the evils of which he enumerates so copiously, and paints so formidably, that a man who duly regards his happiness might fall into a *bibliophobia* from reading it, and fly from a library with as much horror as a mad-dog from a pond.

A moderate application is sufficient for the attainment of all necessary and useful knowledge; and the excessive attachment, which some men display is chiefly in *trifling* pursuits. Not satisfied with the great and essential objects, pursuits. Not satisfied with the great and essential objects, which answer every purpose of real utility, they pursue their inquiries into matters of mere curiosity, with no other intention, however, they may plausibly disguise it, than their own amusement. But time, health, and life, are too precious to be sacrificed to the pleasure of gratifying mere curiosity.

No man comes into the world, without many obligations of the moral and social kind. No man can, consistently with his duty, suffer himself to be engrossed with contemplation. Some sort of social activity is necessary, in the most retired scenes, and in professions and modes of life, the most distant from commercial, and political employment.

Few stand so insulated, as not to be nearly connected with others, by friendship or kindred; besides the general connection with all men, which arises from a participation of the same nature. But how can he, who is immured in his closet, or abstracted by perpetual absence from the busy scene before him, attend to the claims, which others may justly make on his active beneficence? He will feel as little inclination as ability to serve them. Every call upon his exertions in their favour, will be considered as an importunate interruption, to be checked by a morose reprimand, rather than listened to with humane condescension. He may, indeed, labour in the recesses of his study; but as his labour terminates in his private gratification, as it produces no external fruits, as it prevents him from taking an active part in society, it is a labour, which entitles him to no esteem. He is, in truth, to be numbered among the most selfish of mankind, as he sacrifices all his social duties to the pursuits of his own solitary pleasure.

Prudence has taken care, that such conduct shoul l bring upon itself its own punishment. For this gloomy, recluse, selfish mode of living never fails to produce dejection of spirits, and the top of that health and vigour which are necessary to sweeten all enjoyments. Languid, enervated, and feeble, the student who follows his pursuit with unreasonable and excessive ardour, exhibits, when he comes from the shade of his retirement, into the sunshine of active life, a phantom, pallid as a ghost, and silent as a statute, and excites, in some, horror, and in others, ridicule.

That golden mean, therefore, so celebrated by all the sages of the world, in the active world, must be observed with no less reverence in the contem-

plative. For man being a compound of mind and body, departs no less from nature and wisdom, when he devotes himself wholly to the mind, than when he attaches himself exclusively to the body. Till we have shufiled off this mortal evil, we must pay great attention to our animal nature, in order to preserve in its due vigour, the energy of the intellectual.

The University of Oxford, I view with admiring eyes. I deeply deplore that I had not the high privilegé of being educated in a seminary, where learning and loyalty are united. I like the political principles of this seat of learning. I venerate its classical discipline. I admire the brilliant characters, whose powers have been awakened in this haunt of all the muses, and I copy with pleasure the following just encomium.

I was educated, says Bishop Lowth, in the University of Oxford. I enjoyed all the advantages public and private, which that famous seat of learning, so largely affords. I spent many years in that illustrious society, in a well regulated course of useful discipline and studies, and in the agreeable and improving commerce of gentlemen, and of scholars; in a society, where emulation, without envy, ambition without jealousy, contention without animosity, incited industry and awakened genius; where a liberal pursuit of knowledge, and a genuine freedom of thought, was raised, encouraged, and pushed forward by example, by commendation, and by authority.

THE DRAMA.

COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

The Comic Opera of *Love in a Village* attracted an elegant and overflowing house here last night, before the rising of the curtain. A variety of circumstances contributed to give it more than ordinary eclat. At the head of these, we must place Mrs. Billington's first appearance in the character of *Rosetta*. Much as every one admired her late representation of *Clara*, all must have regretted the comparatively narrow limits to which it was confined. *Rosetta* is a more prominent part, without overburdening the performer. This piece has also the farther advantage of a greater diversity of music, the melodies being a compilation from various masters, among whom Arne stands the most conspicuous. It consequently afforded an ample opportunity of displaying the varied excellence of this incomparable woman...If in *Gentle youth, ah tell me why*, she poured forth all those sweet and delicate tones that vibrate to the heart, and put its sensibilities in motion; so in *Shun, ye fair, each gay seducer*, she had room for that flowing swell and rapid flight of notes in the bravura stile, which astonish by the difficulty of the execution. In most of the other songs these two characters are blended, and hence we have a treat to every taste; and every palate. The poetry of each never exceeds a few lines; and thus the performer has room for displaying every advantage of embellishment without the fatigue of repetition. Taking all these circumstances into consideration, we may pronounce Mrs. Billington's *Rosetta* far superior in attraction to any character in which she has lately appeared. *The Traveller benighted*, and one or two others belonging to the part, have been generally considered the foremost in beauty, but every air last night was a *chef d'œuvre*, and each received particular admiration only as it became last in succession. The air of *How blest a maid whose bosom*, can alone be urged as an exception to this rule, as it was the only one *encored*; but this does not justify the inference which would be drawn in ordinary cases. An *encore*, which is considered a favour to others, is a mark of cruelty to Mrs. Billington. Accordingly the audience have adopted a more significant mode of testifying their disapprobation of any attempt to impose an additional labour. Instead of hissing, a cry of "*shame, shame*," was raised upon these occasions. She was equally happy in the department of sense and sound. Never was the coquetish scene with *Justice Woodcock* acted with more exquisite humour, chasteness, and vivacity. Any attempt at an adequate description of it would, we fear, subject us to the censure of hyperbole. To represent her as a sweetly smiling Venus, adorned with all the loves and the graces might be considered by many as an exaggeration, and yet we may safely appeal to every eye that beheld her last night whether it would be a flattering likeness.

It cannot be expected, that in the neighbourhood of such a constellation, the *Lucinda* of Mrs. Akins should shine with extraordinary lustre. Her talents, however were far from suffering an eclipse, and received a considerable share of approbation. The Air, *We women like weak Indians trade* was executed with peculiar taste and delicacy.

Loud and prolonged plaudits greeted the *debut* of Mr. Munden in the character of *Justice Woodcock* ....There were two distinct bursts of acclamation. He received them with the profound respect and gratitude due to so marked a testimony of the general joy excited by his recovery. His confidence in his own penetration, of which he becomes the dupe, and the spirit of contradiction to his sister Deborah, both of which render him blind to the love affair between *Eustace* and his daughter, were given with great truth and discrimination....His personification of the old loving dotard in the scene with *Rosetta* was a piece of excellent humour, of the chastest yet richest description. Extreme situations of the comic kind, like this scene, are the more difficult from the danger of running into the caricature. Mr. Munden charged the character sufficiently for the ludicrous in dress, look, manner, and action, without subjecting himself in any point to the imputation of extravagance.

Incledon was in excellent voice; and, in *Young Meadows*, had all the advantage of a variety of beautiful Airs, adapted to his best style of execution; as also, a part in which, as an actor, he has been always considered particularly succcessful. The Airs, *Oh! how shall I in language weak....In vain I every art essay*....and *O! had I been by fate decreed*, pouring their plaintive melodies through his fine deep and harmonious voice, sung into every heart, and excited a congenial feeling. They were followed with loud applauses, and are finely contrasted with the duet, in the *brovura* stile in the last act between him and *Rosetta*, which was executed with admirable taste and more embellishment than any of his previous songs properly admit. Mr. Knight, in *Hodge*, had also a character of the rustic class, in which he has displayed such uniform excellencies; his humour was perfectly natural, and his performance in every respect equal to his best essays in the same line. Mr. Johnstone in Hawthorn, and Mr. Hill in Eustace, contributed largely to the support of the vocal department, and Mrs. Martyr in *Madge*, Mrs. Davenport in *Deborah*, and Mr. Waddy in *Sir Wm. Meadows*, sustained their several parts with the greatest success.

The statue dance closed the first act with eclat. We never saw it executed with more humour: Mr. Simmons, in the character of the female cook, kept the house in a roar with his clumsy capers....No piece could be better got up, or maintained throughout in a more uniform style of excellence.

FESTOON OF FASHION.

FOR THE PORT' FOLIO.

It has been frequently suggested by the wits of old time, that the trivial events of domestic life, related in the pompous style of the diurnal historians would increase merriment, if they did not enlarge knowledge. Arthur Murphy has given us a hint, and we will endeavour to pursue it.

On Wednesday last, Miss Giggle had her ears *bored*, for the first time, to the great joy of all her female friends.

On Sunday last, a bottle of Noyau, belonging to a lady, not many miles from Market Street, fell from the top of a chest of drawers, and broke its neck. This has almost broken the heart of its fair owner.

The same day a fire broke out in Barnaby Blood's cigar, and entirely consumed the same.

Yesterday evening, a duck was seen to walk by the side of the river, and after some time threw herself in. The reason why she committed this rash action is not yet known.

Letters from Irish town advise that a contagious distemper rages there with the utmost virulence. Several *new cases* occur daily, and all the faculty are positive that the disease is of domestic origin.

They write from South Street, that on Tuesday evening, a young man of a very sober family passed through that quarter *incog*.

The last accounts from Cherry Alley and Artillery Lane, report that the war is carried on there with the greatest gallantry on both sides. Considerable loss has been sustained, and it is thought many overtures will be made before the close of the campaign.

TEA TABLE TALK.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Well says Doris to me, as soon as Giggle's prattle allowed me to attend, while you are engaged in plodding over your *worm-eaten* volumes of the last age, I was last night, after my party had retired, delightfully engaged in the perusal of a certain fashionable register. It contained the new titles of various *Patches*, and directions how they should be placed. Pray publish them at large, for the common benefit of the belles.

The *impassionate* at the corner of the eye
The *gay* upon a dimple
The *gallant* on the middle of the cheek,
The *kissing* at the corner of the mouth,
The *dashing* upon the nose,
The *coquette* upon the lips,
The *languishing* under the left eye,
The *secret* upon a pimple.

Lucetta says that Miss Varnish employs Spanish wool to *bolster* up her beauty, and Miss V. declares of Lucetta that the price of carmine is enhanced, since Lucetta protested against painting. Which of these charmers can poor Lysander believe? In the picture shop of delusive beauty how numerous are optical deceptions. The poor youth is confounded by the various colours of his mistress and he sometimes sees a *rain-bow* on the *same* cheek.

LEVITY.

PHYSIC VERSUS MUSIC.

The lady of a country apothecary, who, although she did not know *gamut* from the ace of spades; yet, from having picked up some technical phrases, was reckoned by the other ladies of the neighbourhood, to be a prodigious musical cognoscenti, and was constantly shewing her taste, by inviting thrumming and squalling evening parties, to the no small disquiet of her husband, Mr. Lenitive, who thought not any compositions so good as those of his own drugs, nor any strains so harmonious, as those produced by his pestle and mortar; and, after labouring all day for the "*publico bono*," was not in a humour to relish, but rather inclined to be surfeited by, such discordant bars to his domestic rest; he, therefore, concerted a plan with his journeyman, to put a final close to these meetings: accordingly, one evening lately, after Mrs. Lenitive

had assembled her guests, and administered the usual dose of toasted muffins and *superbibendum* of decoction of souchong, he led her diffident and blushing daughter to the piano-forte; but, alas! poor Miss Lenitive had not got half through *Go to the Devil and shake yourself*, which mama was, with her usual *sapience*, passing off to the *scientific* auditors for a valuable manuscript piece of the dear delightful Viotti, when honest Label, true to his master's prescriptions, began to play his part in the room below, and so placed his brazen instrument, wherein were valerian, and other ingredients equally *odoriferous*, in a state of *ebullition*, that the fumes ascended in *alt*; and so *impressive* was the effect of his performance upon *olfactory* faculties, as to produce the most unpleasant consequences.....Poor dear Mrs. Lenitive, who was always tremblingly alive to, and distrest at the bare idea of any thing that smelled of the shop, made an abrupt *cadence* into hysterics, and the party seperated *presto e agitato*, in the confusion....several of the old ladies left their youthful wigs behind them, and are likely to receive the visits of the apothecary, and four nervous draughts a day for some weeks to come. It is feared that it will be a long time before Mrs. Lenitive will recover the shock her feelings have sustained by this vulgar accident; the only symptom in her favour is, that she takes every thing but Physic.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

G. M. Woodward, the facetious author of Eccentric Excursions, Olio of Good Breeding, &c. has lately published in London The Musical Mania, For 1802, illustrated by six characteristical plates, with metrical elucidations and a Bravura, dedicated to Mrs. Billington. A production of this class from such a Momus, as this Mr. Woodward, must cause all our risible muscles to "keep moving."

R. Duppa, a gentleman of exquisite taste in the fine, arts is publishing a collection of "Heads from the Fresco paintings of Raphæl in the Vatican" and one of his majesty's engravers is copying, we understand, from the cartoons at Hampton Court. Messrs Rivingtons advertise The Poetical Register and Repository of Fugitive Poetry for 1801, intended to comprize all those pieces of Fugitive Poetry, worthy of preservation, which are to be found in the various periodical publications; original contributions from literary characters; selections from scarce English poets, with Biographical notes of their authors, concise criticisms on the principal poetic and dramatic productions with a complete catalogue, notices of works designed for the press, and biographical sketches of celebrated poets, who died in the course of the last year. The original department of this work will be supported by several writers of poetical eminence.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

On the question proposed by our correspondent, Z. "How is the phrase, patronage of literature to be interpreted in this country," the Editor feels a sort of gloomy unwillingness to enter. His friend Z. will excuse him for avoiding a topic equally unpleasant and unedifying. It seems to have been agreed among the ancients, though their authority is of very little worth in this country, that the reign of an Augustus and the liberality of a Mæcenas were vital to the existence of men of letters. JUVENAL says expressly in one of the most sensible of his satires, that the whole hope of learning reposes on CÆSAR alone. But this might be a piece of court flattery, and therefore justly derided by every republican banterer. Let us hear for a moment the opinion of an *ancient poet* as it is expressed by the most vigorous of his translators.

Henceforward let no poet fear to starve,
CÆSAR will give, if they can but deserve,
But, if from other hands than his, you think
To find supply 'tis loss of pen and ink;
Let flames on your unlucky papers prey,
Or moths through written pages eat their way.
The muse's ground is barren desert all
If no support from CAESAR's bounty fall,
The rest is *empty praise*, an ivy crown
Or the *lean statue* of a *starv'd renown*.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

THE FOLLOWING IS A WHIMSICAL LIST, OF THE PRESENT IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT.

A Man
A Wild Man
A Hard Man
A Honey Man
A Savage
A King
A Page
Two Bastards
A Knight
A Major
Two Clerks
A Bishop
An Abbot
Three Taylors
Seven Smiths
A Steward
Two Butlers
A Baker
A Cook
A Gardener
A Fuller
A Porter
A Carter
A Cartwright
A Forrester
Two Riders
Two Turners
A Cooper
Three Moors
A Buck
A Bullock
Two Foxes
A Hare, and
A Ram
—
A Bird
A Rook
Two Martins,
A Heron
A Finch
A Cock, and
A Cricket
—
A Temple
Four Fanes
A Wood House
A Barn
Three Heath Cots
A Birch
An Orchard
Two Woods
A Honey Wood
Three Pits
Three Hills
A Hunting Field
Two Long Fields
A Lake and its Banks.
Two Brooks and
A Trench
Two Lemmons
Two Roses, and
A Garland
—
A Band
A Penn
A Comb
A Patten, and
A Spencer
—
Law
Power
Hope
A P.
A Husey
A Shakspeare
A Calender
A Little Town
A Moor's Head
Two Scots
A New Bolt
A Brag
A Crew
A Flooder
A Beach
A Sergent
An East Court
A Monday
Two Wall Poles
A Burden
A Mill Bank
A Chamber
Two Fellows
A Strut
A Warren
A Somerset, and
A Dance.

—

FROM BOURDEAUX.

"Bonaparte is momently expected to visit this city, and the greatest preparations are making to receive him with every mark of honour and respect. He is elected Consul for life;....and the Sovereign Pontiff of the Catholic Church has pronounced him the greatest man that ever existed excepting the Saviour of the World."

—

MISS WILLIAMS.

Miss Helen Maria Williams continues *conversaziones* at Paris, in a great style....every other evening a number of *literati* and distinguished characters meet in her library, where tea and refreshments are presented from eight, to eleven o'clock, and where the merits of works newly offered to the public, are discussed....Authors recite their introductory poems, or their *jeu d'esprits*, and seem to augur, from the reception their productions meet with amongst these chosen few, their future success with the public. Miss Williams professes herself of no political party; and to judge from the heterogeneous mixture which she assembles, it seems but justice to believe her. The constant visits of Kosciusko, the famous abbe Gregoire, and other republican chieftains, might induce a cursory observer to believe she was not much attached to monarchical principles, if the presence of an English peer lord Mountcashel, of lord King, of many Neapolitan nobles, and other foreigners of distinction did not in some degree justify Miss Williams's assertion.

—

A Lady well known in the Gay World for the artificial beauty she adopts, was lately determined to appear in disguise, and she actually effected her purpose by *washing her face with a coarse towel.*

In the neighbourhood of Ostia, near Rome, there has lately been dug a most noble statue of Achilles, nine and a half Roman palms in height, and in perfect preservation. The hero holds a metal lance in his right hand, and the paragonium in his left; the helmet on his head is surmounted with a large plume of feathers resembling that of the celebrated statue of Villa Borgheese, which, however, is not of equal workmanship. This work, which certainly is one of the finest that Greece has produced, does not exhibit the name of the artist: the inscription *votive marti* engraven on one of the legs, proves that it had been consecrated to the God of war.

—

Mr. Rusher, of Banbury, will soon make public his improvements in typography. These improvements are described as likely to render printing more uniform and beautiful. The type will occupy less space, without being less legible, and will be particularly advantageous in those cases where it is desirable to combine economy with a full faced letter. It is calculated that the expense of printed books will, by the new mode, be diminished one fourth.

—

A gentleman from France, informs us, that as far as his observation extended, the French people were unanimously in favour of electing Bonaparte for life, and investing him with sovereign power and authority...They were entirely sick of revolutionary expedients, and loose inefficient government....So they can but enjoy the fruits of their industry; and be secure from the tyranny of mob leaders, they care not who guides the vessel of State; or who makes or administers the laws. The common people, under the monarchy, knew they were the happiest on earth, and they sigh for the return of old times.

—

An indignant political writer, speaking of the new and dangerous power, acquired by the French in Louisiana, thus justly describes a large portion of our unprincipled republicans. "The inhabitants of Kentucky and Tennessee have very little attachment to their eastern brethren. Their interests are totally separate. They are, indeed, the rivals of the latter, and can be expected to make no sacrifices for the preservation of union. All the protection they want is occasionally against the Indians, which would be much more effectually afforded by the legions of France than by their own distant, and, in a military point of view, feeble government. As to *patriotism*, he must be very little acquainted with their history, who expects to find it among them. Not one of them, who are arrived at years of maturity, was born upon the spot. They are entirely composed of emigrants; all *speculators*, or agricultural *adventurers*: men who understand *soil* indeed extremely well, but who know nothing of *country*; who, like the late Duke of Bedford of glorious memory, can distinguish "with a learned spirit," all the various qualities of land and gravel, and loam, and marle, and chalk, and lime, and mud, and dung, but who have no more idea of national honour and independence, who think no more about their ancestors, or their posterity, than the gamblers of Change Alley, or the framers of the treaty of Amiens.

—

So early as the year 1797, a Belgian wit wished to perpetuate the memory of the French revolution by painting from the following illustrative symbols from fabulous and modern history.

The *Revolution*,
French Liberty
National Convention
French Constitution
French Equality
French Religion
The French people
The present Prospect
The Future
By the Box of Pandora
Saturn devouring his Children
Tygers fighting
The Chaos of Ovid
Circe transforming the companions of Ulysses
Artemise in Mourning
Clouds driven by the Wind
Snow before the Sun
The head of Medusa.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

FROM THE SHOP OF MESSRS. DACTYL AND COMMA.

TO AN OLD FRUIT WOMAN.

Poor hag, what time the earliest sun beams shed
Their splendid lustre round thy wretched head,
Each morn I see thee quit thy low-thatched stall
And take along with thee thy *little all*,
The table, chair, of *fruits* the varied stores,
Which bounteous nature at this season pours.
There near yon church, which shoots its spire on high
Thou sit'st to lure the traveller passing by,
Thy *ale* inviting, foaming in the glass,
Calls to thy table many a thirsty lass,
Who stops to sip, and bending forward shows,
A *bosom* fairer, than the Alpine snows;
While amorous swains, in wonder view the maid,
And gaze enamour'd, at the charms display'd;
Her loose thin robe plays fluttering to the breeze,
And *fancy* pictures what no optic sees.

Say as you see the fair trip lightly by
Hear the gay titter, and the love lorn sigh,
Do they not call those feelings to thy breast,
Which sported there, while once by friends caress'd;
When *innocence* glow'd blooming in thy face,
Thy *mind* was *virtue* and thy *form* was *grace*.
I knew thee well, where broad *Potomack* pours
His dimpling flood along the verdant shores,
In early youth through all the virgin train,
None danced so featly o'er the enamell'd plain;
When thy soft voice tuned the gay notes of love,
The melting strains an anchorite would move;
Who view'd thy charms, or heard thy voice, was fired;
Each *belle* was envious, and each beau admired....
Alas, how changed! o'er thy once beauteous face
The marks of guilt and misery I trace;
Seduced to sin, then by the wretch betray'd,
Thy virtue gone, the once fond lover fled....
Scorn'd now by those, who once your friendship prized,
Cast on the world, abandoned and despised;
What were thy feelings at that mournful day,
When from your home you came in tears away,
When thy stern father spurned thee from his door,
And *bade* his child behold his face no more;
That sire, who once in fond caresses pressed
His much loved daughter to his feeling breast.
I saw him late upon his dying bed,
The shades of *death* were hovering round his head,
" I had a child," he cried " the loveliest maid
That ere upon Potomack's meadows stray'd;
I know not now, if through the earth she strays
Or, chill'd by cruelty, has closed her days....
From Virtue's path by my unkindness hurl'd,
Perhaps she roams an outcast on the world;
But, oh! my friend, if ere you chance to see
This long lost girl, oh! tell her this from me,
Tell her, her sire repents, tell her in death,
For her in prayers he spent his latest breath;
Remorse thou viper of the soul" he cried
" Tell her likewise"....He press'd my hand and died.....
And could a father thus his daughter spurn?
To virtue doom her never to return?
Small was thy crime compared to that which moves
A *sire* to sacrifice the child he loves.

Poor wretch forlorn I see thee turn thy eyes
In sullen misery to the pitying skies....
" Then shall I rest in peace at last, for there,
No father scorns his suppliant daughter's prayer;
No *femaie* whispers cruel slander's raise,
No *friends* desert no *lover* there betrays."

Cambridge, July 14th, 1802.

SELECTED POETRY.

ODE 21ST. OF ANACREON, TRANSLATED BY T. MOORE, ESQ.

Observe when mother earth is dry,
She drinks the droppings of the sky;
And then the dewy cordial gives
To ev'ry thirsty plant that lives.
The vapours, which at evening weep,
Are beverage to the swelling deep!
And when the rosy sun appears,
He drinks the ocean's misty tears.
The moon too quaffs her paley stream
Of lustre, from the solar beam....
Then, hence with all your sober thinking!
Since Nature's holy law is drinking;
I'll make the laws of Nature mine.
And pledge the universe in wine.

—

APOLLO TO A MAN OF GENIUS, ON HIS BEING SATIRIZED BY A WITLING.

Whether he's worth your spleen or not,
You've ask'd me to determine:
I wish my friend a nobler lot,
Than that of trampling vermin.

A blockhead can't be worth our care,
Unless that we'd befriend him:
As you've some common sense to spare
I'll *pay*, what you may *lend* him.

—

BROKEN CHINA, A FALL.

Soon as the sun began to peep,
And gild the morning skies,
Young Doris from disorder'd sleep
Unveil'd her radiant eyes.

A guardian sylph, the wanton sprite
That waited on her still,
Had teaz'd her all the tedious night
With visionary ill.

Some shock of fate is surely nigh,
Exclaim'd the timorous maid;
What do these horrid dreams imply?
My Cupid can't be dead?

She call'd her Cupid by his name,
In dread of some mishap;
Wagging his tail her Cupid came,
And jump'd into her lap.

And now the best of brittle ware
Her sumptuous table grac'd,
The gentle emblems of the fair,
In beauteous order plac'd.

The kettle boil'd, and all prepar'd
To give the moring treat,
When Dick, the country beau appear'd,
And bowing, took his seat.

Well, chatting on of that and this,
The maid reversed her cup,
And, tempted by the forfeit kiss
The bumpkin turn'd it up.

With transport he demands the prize;
Right fairly it was won!
With many a frown the fair denies,
Fond baits to *draw* him on!

A man must prove himself polite,
In such a case as this;
So, Richard strives with all his might
To force the forfeit kiss.

But as he strove....O dire to tell!
And yet with grief I must,
The table turn'd, the china fell,
A heap of painted dust.

O fatal purport of my dream!
The fair afflicted cried,
Occasioned, I confess my shame,
By childishness and pride.

For in a kiss....or two....or three,
No mischief could be found;
Then, had I been more frank and free,
My china had been sound.

—

TO THE AUTHOR OF A COLLECTION OF POEMS, PURPORTING TO BE WRITTEN BY NOBODY.

Advance to fame....advance reveal'd!
Let conscious worth be bold:
Why have you lain so long conceal'd,
And hid Peruvian gold?

Dan Phœbus did with joy discern
Your genius brought to light,
And many a *somebody* should learn,
From *nobody* to write.

EPIGRAMS.

—

ON THE APPROACHING NUPTIALS OF A YOUNG LADY WITH A MR. GREY.

[Found in a very ancient manuscript.]

With all that blooming sweetness in thy face,
Wih beauty, radiant as the god of day,
With active limbs, shape, elegance and grace,
With all these *tests of youth*....thou'lt soon be *Grey*.

—

[On seeing the lady of Sir John DAY, and her cousin Miss *Orchard*, pass through Birmingham, in *December*, on their way to London.]

While nipping frosts with deadly bite,
Our choicest fruits consume;
Behold to feast, at least, our sight,
An ORCHARD, in full bloom.

And what is passing strange besides,
With equal truth we say,
That, just preceding *Christmas* tide,
Came smiling LADY DAY.

—

The CAPRICIOUS

Old Noll, as city prattlers tell,
Was always known to *promise well*;
Appoint your time to ask him home,
" He'll come, indeed, he'll surely come,"
Engaged at six, " he'll come at seven,
And chat away until eleven".
Now all seems fair and fix'd, but yet
How soon the *old one* can forget
His word, and teach his friends to know,
He'll never come if *promis'd to*;
When next you wish false Noll to see,
And *bind* him to your company;
Bid Betty tell him " not at home,"
Or charge him strictly not to come;
He who ne'er calls, when most desir'd,
Eccentric comes, when least requir'd.

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